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Laplanders and Rein-Deer.



THE family of Laplanders and the Herd of Living Rein-deer which form the subject of the above engraving, are, like the Wapeti, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—They were brought into this country by Mr. Bullock, whose inclination to possess every thing that is extraordinary either in nature or art, leads him to traverse the globe.

The Rein-deer is an animal of the most extraordinary and beautiful form, and is of more importance to its master than any other animal, or probably than the whole of the quadruped species: indeed, the Laplander and the Rein-deer seem to have been created for each other; and this domestic race of human beings must long since have ceased to exist, but for the service of their friend and companion the Rein-deer.

The elephant, camel, horse, ox, sheep, and dog, render to their respective masters services of the greatest importance; but without the assistance of the Rein-deer, there could be no human inhabitants of Lapland; nothing could compensate for its loss. Its flesh and its milk, prepared in various ways, af-

ford luxury and nourishment, supplying every other article of food; its furry skin furnishing, in a simple manner, comfortable clothing, and the means of resisting the severity of an arctic winter, which nothing else could do.—Wrapt in these on the snow, or frozen ground, the Laplanders sleep with their infants in comfort and security. When the change of season requires their removal from one hut to another, the Rein-deer offers the ready means of transporting them with their families and goods. In summer he carries their slender effects; and when the snow covers the ground, which is the greater part of the year, by means of a sledge he removes them with a rapidity unequalled by any other animal. A Laplander in his sledge will travel a hundred miles in a day; the broad spreading hoofs of the deer serving as snow-shoes to prevent his sinking, and apparently made to traverse this frozen and otherwise untrodden waste, as those of the camel and the dromedary for the scorching sands and deserts of Arabia and India. There is no part of the deer useless to its master; its sinews supply thread, cordage, and harness, and

its bones and horns are manufactured into furniture or ornaments.

Mr. Bullock, regretting that so noble an animal as the Rein-deer should so long remain unknown to us, determined to try and introduce it to this country; and, after three successful attempts, he at length succeeded in bringing over not only a herd of Rein-deer, but also a Lapland family, with their summer and winter residences, furniture, &c. and thus exhibit the Rein-deer as if in their native clime.

The man, Jans Holm, and his wife, Karlus Christian, are about four feet eight inches high, which, in Lapland, is not beneath the usual height; on the contrary, Karina is considered a tall woman: their son, four years and a half old, is not likely to be so tall a man as his father; they understand the Norwegian language, and an interpreter attends to answer any question that may be put to them.

They exhibit the deer decorated in the manner of their country, and drawing light carriages and sledges.

Nothing can exceed the extraordinary appearance of these noble quadrupeds; in size they excel the red deer, or stag: the enormous horns in some almost exceed belief. A cord passed round those of a fine male measures thirty feet; in some they appear like the branches of an aged oak, stripped of its foliage. The immense brow antlers vary in some individuals, from two to four feet.

They are sleek in summer, but in winter clothed with a thick impenetrable coat of long hair of a dry husky appearance: their feet are large and wide, extending considerably whilst resting on the ground, and covering a space sixteen inches in circumference. Every time each foot is removed, a loud clicking noise is heard, occasioned by one of the hoofs striking against the other.

In Lapland, the herds of Rein-deer are extremely numerous: the poor have from fifty to two hundred; the middle classes from three to seven hundred; and the rich above a thousand. Their greatest enemy is the wolf, which sometimes breaks into the fold, and destroys thirty or forty at a time. The Laplander holds the wolf in the greatest detestation, and is almost in a rage when the name is mentioned. Bears sometimes destroy the deer, seizing them by surprise; but this is rather a rare occurrence.

The female deer produce the young about the end of May, and soon after cast their horns, which, in a short space

of time are reproduced of the full size, but are covered with hair, during which time they are soft and very susceptible of injury. They have always a leader or captain, whose order they scrupulously obey, and in whose experience they seem to place the most unlimited confidence.

The Laplanders are exhibited in the full costume of their own country, with their residences and furniture.

The *Kodda*, or hut, is formed of double timbers, lying one upon another, and has mostly six sides, rarely but four. It is supported within by four inclining posts, as thick as one's arm, crossing each other in pairs at the top, upon which is laid a transverse beam, four ells in length. On each side lower down is another cross piece of wood, serving to hang pipes on. The walls are formed of beams of a similar thickness, but differing in length, leaving a hole at the top to serve as a chimney, and a door at the side. These are covered with a layer of bark, either of spruce, fir, or birch, and over that is another layer of wood like the first. In the centre the fire is made on the ground, and the inhabitants lie round it. In the middle of the chimney hangs a pole, on which the pot is suspended over the fire.

The height of the hut is three ells, its greatest breadth at the base two fathoms.

They always construct their huts in places where they have ready access to clear cold springs.

The inhabitants sleep quite naked on skins of Rein-deer, spread over a layer of branches of dwarf birch (*betula nana*), with similar skins spread over them. The sexes rise from this simple couch, and dress themselves promiscuously without any shame or concealment.

Having thus given an account of the Laplanders and Rein-deer as they appear at Mr Bullock's attractive and interesting Museum; we shall, in our next, give some interesting anecdotes relative to the Laplanders, derived from various authentic sources.

ANGLO-NORMAN CAROL,

Translated from a Manuscript of the Thirteenth Century, in the British Museum. By Francis Douce, Esq.

Now, lordings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care.

In this mansion, as they tell us,

Christmas wassell keeps to-day;
And, as the King of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrouled sway.

Lordings, in these realms of pleasure,
Father Christmas early dwells;
Deals out joy with liberal measure,
Gloomy sorrow soon dispels;
Numerous guests, and viands dainty,
Fill the hall and grace the board;
Mirth and beauty, peace and plenty,
Solid pleasures here afford.

Lordings, 'tis said the liberal mind,
That on the needy much bestows,
From Heav'n a sure reward shall find,
From Heav'n whence every blessing flows.

Who largely gives the willing hand,
Or quickly gives with willing heart,
His fame shall spread throughout the land,

His mem'ry thence shall ne'er depart.

Lordings, grant not your protection,
To a base unworthy crew;
But cherish, with a kind affection,

Men that are loyal, good, and true.
Chase from your hospitable dwelling,
Swinish souls that ever crave;
Virtue they can ne'er excel in,
Gluttons never can be brave.

Lordings, Christmas loves good drinking,

Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou;*
English ale, that drives out thinking,
Prince of liquors old or new.

Every neighbour shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep,
Drinks his fill without control,
Till he drowns his care in sleep.

And now, by Christmas, jolly soul!

By this mansion's generous sire!
By the wine and by the bowl,
And all the joys they both inspire!
Here I'll drink a health to all;

The glorious task shall first be mine,
And ever may foul luck befall

Him that to pledge me shall decline!

THE CHORUS.

Hail, Father Christmas; hail to thee!
Honour'd ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasure wait on those,
Who, like vassals, brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due.

* Gascoigne and Anjou being, at this time, under the dominion of the English sovereigns, were not regarded as part of France.

ON PANTOMIME.

At the present season of the year, when the exhibition of Pantomime is one of the most fashionable and amusing features of the drama, it may not be improper or uninteresting to give our readers some little account of its origin, influence and general nature.

Pantomime is a dumb representation of some of the scenes of life, but more of the scenes of fancy—a mimicry of the actions of mankind, and in a moral point of view a general satire on the follies of the world; by uniting the most absurd fictions to the plainest truths, it is strongly calculated to please; and by exhibiting *in fact* the tendency of good or evil passions, is certain to do good.

The inventors of this art were two hitherto obscure Romans, named Pylades and Bathyllus, who, as we are told by Zozimus, were rivals in its profession in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. Pantomime was a name given to the performer, not to the piece; and the admiration bestowed on this rank and species of comedian was at one time carried beyond that given to any other performer. Cassiodorus indeed has thus designated them: "Men whose eloquent hands had a tongue as it were on the top of each finger—men who spoke while they were silent, and knew how to make an entire recital without opening their mouths—men, in short, whom Polyhymnia had formed, in order to shew there was no necessity for articulating in order to convey our thoughts." Nor was the opinion confined; for we find some of the most eminent characters of this era so devoted to their performance, as to prefer them to all the tragedies and comedies of the most distinguished writers. Lucian, for instance, has declared himself a most zealous partizan of these comedians, and took the greatest pleasure in relating such facts as might be an honour to their profession. There is a fund of anecdote on record, handed down by him and other writers, to impress our minds with the favourable opinions entertained of them in their earliest days; but if they be true, they must have had more influence and power than those of this present moment. It appears to be one of the properties of a pantomime, to give an intelligible description of an action, and signify by its gesture the words taken in their proper sense; but it would seem by the authorities before us, that the Romans presumed even to inter-

pret metaphors, and words taken in a figurative sense; for we are told that Hylas, a disciple of Pylades, was executing a monologue after his method, which terminated with the words, "The Great Agamemnon;" and in order to give full and intelligible expression to them, made all the gestures of a man that wants to measure another bigger than himself, which Pylades censured by observing, that he appeared to make Agamemnon a *big* man, and not a *great* man: however, be their powers what they may, we should vastly like to have heard them express by signs, or any thing else but words, this sentence, "a beastly morning," a metaphorical expression very common in England, particularly at the pantomime season. As we cannot, however, bring any thing but traditional testimony to the representations of these pantomimes, we are little capable to decide on the positive merits of the art, or in what manner it was possible to be executed with such astonishing and singular success. From this time of the Roman greatness, the art flourished for two centuries with very great success, and finally sunk in the general annihilation of the sciences and literature in general in that country. It lingered, however, and still does in Italy; in this country it has arrived at a state of perfection we should conceive much superior to that of the ancients, if we except the method of finger-speaking before alluded to, and for it we are indebted to the indefatigability of the late Mr. John Rich,* the original patentee and manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, who, during a life of great industry, rendered pantomime the most fashionable entertainment of a Theatre Royal. Mr. R. was possessed of the greatest taste in that particular department, and spared no expense in their production. He had acquired considerable reputation by his own performance of the motley hero, under the assumed name of *Lun, junior* (being so designated in the bills of the day, and in the titles of the pantomimes which he published); and it is most probable, that the great reputation he obtained as *Harlequin* might have arisen in some measure from the splendour with which he produced these

pieces, and from his being the first performer who had rendered the character at all intelligible in this country. To the strenuous exertions of Mr. Rich then we are altogether indebted for the rank which this species of entertainment has at length assumed in the dramatic amusements of the day. By comparison of our style of pantomime with that of the ancients, we may perhaps draw a very unfavourable conclusion for ourselves, and account in some sort for the preference shewn to it by them before tragedy or comedy; for their's was evidently a composition of fable taken from history, and made up of regular parts, by which means it became a considerable feature of the drama, and full of instruction and entertainment; while our's is an explosion of fidgetting, skipping and leaping, the fable of which is substituted by a jumble of mechanical deceptions, obviously calculated for no other purpose than to draw together the great and the little vulgar, at the expense of all taste and judgment: in some respects still we are like the ancients, for we prefer pantomimes to tragedy and comedy; but then the balance is in our favour, for we are made up of buffoonery, and that they never thought of. That the lovers of this art may not think us too severe with their understanding, we can tell them, that once or twice a season we quite agree with them in thinking a pantomime really a treat—one fool they say—!

LIGHT BREAD:

A MORAL TALE!

A baker once—we'll say 'twas twice—
(For bakers are not over nice)

Sold bread far short of weight.
Injustice never triumphs long—
Attend the moral of my song,
And learn the baker's fate.

The officers of justice come,
Weigh all the bread, search every
room,
And cause for blame find none;
But lingering ere they leave the shop,
(So gossip, when they meet, will stop
To talk to their duty done),

A magpie (let a bird for once
Disclaim the title of a dunce).
Cries out, "the faulty bread
Is in the cellar; trust my word,
And just for once believe a bird.
They did; as search was made,

* Mrs. Beard, daughter of Mr. Rich, and relict of J. Beard, Esq. patentee of Covent-Garden Theatre, died on 26th August, 1816, at Hampton, aged 52 years.

The bread is found: but maggy's neck
Pays (a sad tribute) for the trick—
The tell-tale dies that hour.

Stretch'd on the dunghill maggy lies,
Till life not yet extinct, supplies
A momentary power.

Mag gains her legs, and looks around,
Where cold and dead upon the ground,
A hapless piggy lay;
And thinking that a kindred fate
A kindred crime must indicate,
To piggy posts away.

Mag raised her ear, and spent for
breath,
(The pig, poor soul, was starved to
death)

In fault'ring accents said,
"What brings you here—a fellow fault?
What brings you here—have you said
aught

Of master's faulty bread?"

First learn from this, that when we
stray

From wisdom's safe and pleasant way,
And think our crimes are hid,
That still a little bird's at hand,
Which publishes to all the land
The mercenary deed.

Next from the source of either fate
Learn like effects, don't indicate
A same, a common cause.

See! poverty in irons swing,
Whilst kindred crimes obtain a king
The thunders of applause. S. T.

THROWING THE HATCHET.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—Observing in your amusing
paper of last week an article on the
Long-bow family, I beg to state to you
a circumstance which fell within my
own observation. I need not observe,
that "throwing the hatchet," and
"drawing a long-bow," are synoni-
mous terms.

A gentleman lately died, who for
many years frequented the parlour of
the Cheshire-Cheese Tavern, Russell-
court, carried in his waistcoat pocket
a large card, on which was well delineated a large hatchet. When any
person in the room was telling any
story at all improbable, he used quietly
to take out his card and hold it up to
the company. The gentleman never
speaking but when spoken to, and then
only in monosyllables, you may judge
what good effect it had. It was at last
so well understood, that if any gentle-
man was *romancing*, the company used
to call for the hatchet, which never
failed to appear.

Yours, &c.

C. J.

THE MENDICANT ROBBER OF ORLEANS.

In 1747, a man was broke alive upon
the wheel, at Orleans, for a highway
robbery, and not having friends to take
care of his body, when the executi-
oner concluded he was dead, he gave
him to a surgeon, who had him carried
to his anatomical theatre; as a subject
to lecture on. The thighs, legs, and
arms of this unhappy wretch had been
broken; yet, on the surgeon's coming
to examine him, he found life reviving,
and by the application of proper cordi-
als, he was soon brought to his
speech.

The surgeon and his pupils, moved
by the sufferings and solicitation of the
robber, determined on attempting his
cure; but he was so mangled that his
two thighs and one of his arms were
amputated. Notwithstanding this ma-
lutation, and loss of blood, he recover-
ed, and in this situation the surgeon,
by his own desire, had him conveyed
in a cart fifty leagues from Orleans,
where, as he said, he intended to gain
his livelihood by begging.

His situation was on the road side,
close by a wood, and his deplorable
condition excited compassion from all
who saw him. In his youth he had
served in the army, and he now passed
for a soldier, who had lost his limbs
by a cannon shot.

A drover returning from market,
where he had been selling cattle, was
solicited by the robber for charity,
and being moved by compassion, threw
him a piece of silver. "Alas," said
the robber, "I cannot reach it—you
see I have neither arms nor legs." (for
he had concealed his arm which had
been preserved behind his back) "so
for the sake of heaven put your chari-
table donation into my pouch."

The drover approached him, and as
he stooped to reach up the money, the
sun being shining, he saw a shadow
on the ground which caused him to look
up, when he perceived the arm of the
beggar elevated over his head, and
his hand grasping a short iron bar.
He arrested the blow in its descent,
and seizing the robber, carried him to
his cart, into which having thrown him,
he drove off to the next town, which
was very near, and brought him prison-
er before a magistrate.

On searching him a whistle was found
in his pocket, which naturally induced
a suspicion that he had accomplices in
the wood; the magistrate, therefore,
instantly ordered a guard to the place
where the robber had been seized, and

they arrived there within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud: and another whistle was heard from under ground, three men at the same instant rising from the midst of a bushy clump of brambles, and other dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell. The bushes were searched, and a descent discovered into a cave. Here were found three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for the offices of servants, and purposes of lust: the boy, scarcely twelve years of age, was son to one of the robbers. The girls in giving evidence deposed, that they had lived nearly three years in the cave, had been carried there by force from the high road, having never seen daylight from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped and buried; and that the old soldier was carried out every dry day, and sat by the road side for two or three hours.

On this evidence the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was to be broken by several strokes, in several places, and the *coup de grace* being denied, he lived in torture nearly five days. When dead, his body was burnt to ashes, and strewed before the winds of heaven.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A SPANISH INTERLUDE.

In the old popular anecdotes of most countries, there is to be found one of a woman, who, not willing to obey the commands of her husband, pretends to be dead, and yields not until she is upon the point of being buried. This trait of female obstinacy forms the subject of an old Spanish *entramese*, entitled, *Los Huevos*, "The Eggs." The obstinate couple are called Bendito and Merga: the scene is in a village. Bendito wishes to have some fried eggs for breakfast, but his wife refuses to fry them, as she is occupied in preparing a dress in which she is to appear at the procession of Corpus Christi, which is to take place the next morning at Seville. Bendito, nevertheless persists in his intention of breakfasting upon fried eggs.—Merga, "But I shan't fry any for you." Ben-

dito, threatening to strike her. "Will you fry them?" Merga. "No, I shan't fry them." Bendito. "I insist upon it." At this critical moment a neighbour enters, and endeavours to put an end to the dispute, by offering to fry the eggs for Bendito; but the mulish husband will not allow any one but his wife to cook the eggs, and upon her still refusing, he proceeds to lay violent hands upon her: they are separated, and Merga escapes from the house. One of the neighbours reproaches Bendito with his brutality. "Eyes, gossip," he says to him, "what a man you are; a box with the right hand, and another with the left, might have passed, but thus to continue beating your wife is not creditable:" he concludes by inviting him and his wife to breakfast. They depart together. The scene then changes to the interior of the church opposite the door of the sacristy. The curate calls the sacristan, who enters half-dressed in his ecclesiastical robes: they rehearse the ceremony of the *Fete Dieu*; that is, they execute a chorus and dance in honour of the holy sacrament. They are interrupted by a knocking at the door, and a villager called Llorente rushes in to say that Merga is at the point of death, in consequence of the ill treatment of her husband. They were both at table with Llorente, when the wife all of a sudden took into her head not to eat of the eggs that were prepared for breakfast. The husband put a plate of them before her, and said, "You shall eat them." Merga. "I will not eat them." Bendito. "By G— you shall eat them." On hearing which, the wife, without farther ceremony, took the plate and dashed it on the ground. The husband became furious, and recommenced beating his wife, who cried out so bravely, that she drew a crowd round the house; but Bendito still continued to beat her, swearing that she should eat them, or he would kill her. Merga then exclaimed, that she was dying, and Llorente came off for the priest and the doctor. The scene again changes, or rather it is supposed to change, for in those times there was but one decoration, which remained during the entire representation. We are now in Merga's bedchamber: the doctor arrives, feels the pulse of the castigated wife, and prescribes her a dose of fresh eggs! a singular remedy certainly for black eyes and bruises; but the author had need of the eggs, and the audiences of those days were not very

fastidious, provided they were made to laugh. "At present," said Bendito, "my wife will not refuse to eat the eggs." "Yes, but I will," replies Merga; "eat them I will not." Bendito again falls to beating her, saying, "The doctor orders you." One of the bye-standers interposes, and says, "She will eat them, if I offer them to her." Merga. "No, if the devil should offer them to me, I should not eat them." The husband quits the room; and Merga says to one of her female neighbours, "I shall pretend to be dead, and I hope that when my husband sees me borne out to be buried, he will repent of his obstinacy." The expedient is approved of, and Merga affects to be dead. The neighbour utters a cry of distress, which brings in the husband.—Bendito. "What's the matter?"—"Your wife is dead."—"And the eggs, has she eaten them?"—"No, she refused to the last moment."—Bendito (aside) "She pretends to be dead, in order not to eat them; (aloud) I must go out, and prepare her funeral." He goes out. The Neighbour. "Oh God! he is gone for the priest and the bearers." Merga. "No matter, let him do so." The sacristan and the priests in their surplices arrive, followed by Bendito in mourning, and the musicians. Whilst they are singing a *requiescat*, Bendito approaches his wife with an egg in his hand, and says, in a whisper to her, "Will you eat it?" "No." To which she replies, "No, I will allow myself to be buried first." They repeat the prayers for the dead, and at the word *Amen*, Bendito reiterates his demand—"Will you eat it?" "No." The sacristan orders the bearers to lift up the body; the priests and musicians recommence chaunting, and the procession sets forward; when, on a sudden, Merga starts up and cries, "Stop, stop, I'll eat the eggs." The priests, the sacristan, the musicians, and the crowd, all scamper away in a panic, making the sign of the cross, and crying, "Oh Jesus save us?" Bendito goes up to his wife, and says, "Will you eat the eggs?" "Oh yes, yes, yes." "How many?"—"A whole basket full, if you require it."—Certainly, there is more of puerility than art in this manner of treating a dramatic subject; yet it cannot be altogether denied, but that the predominant idea is a comic one, and which, if managed with more skill and tact, might even at the present day be made eminently pleasant upon the stage.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

ON THE CONVERSATION OF AUTHORS.

The conversation of authors is not so good as might be expected; but, such as it is (and with rare exceptions) it is better than any other. The proof of which is, that, when you are used to it, you cannot put up with any other. That of mixed company becomes utterly intolerable—you cannot sit out a common tea and card party, at least, if they pretend to talk at all. You are obliged in despair to cut all your old acquaintance who are not *au fait* on the prevailing and most smartly contested topics, who are not imbued with the high gusto of criticism and *virtu*. You cannot bear to hear a friend whom you have not seen for many years, tell at how much a yard he sells his laces and tapes, when he means to move into his next house, when he heard last from his relations in the country, whether trade is alive or dead, or whether Mr. Such-a-one gets to look old. This sort of neighbourly gossip will not go down after the high-raised tone of literary conversation. The last may be very absurd, very unsatisfactory, and full of turbulence and heart-burnings; but it has a zest in it which more ordinary topics of news or family affairs do not supply. Neither will the conversation of what we understand by *gentlemen* and men of fashion, do after that of men of letters. It is flat, insipid, stale, and unprofitable, in the comparison. They talk about much the same things, pictures, poetry, politics, plays; but they do it worse, and at a sort of vapid second hand. They, in fact, talk out of newspapers and magazines, what *we write there*. They do not feel the same interest in the subjects they affect to handle with an air of fashionable condescension; nor have they the same knowledge of them, if they were ever so much in earnest in displaying it. If it were not for the wine and the dessert, no author in his senses would accept an invitation to a well-dressed dinner-party, except out of pure good-nature and unwillingness to disoblige by his refusal. Persons in high life talk almost entirely by rote. There are certain established modes of address, and certain answers to them expected as a matter of course, as a point of etiquette. The studied forms of politeness do not give the greatest possible scope to an exuberance of wit or fancy. The fear of giving offence destroys sincerity, and without sincerity there can be no true enjoyment of society, nor unfettered

exertion of intellectual activity. Those who have been accustomed to live with the great are hardly considered as conversable persons in literary society. They are not to be talked with, any more than puppets or echoes. They have no opinions but what will please; and you naturally turn away, as a waste of time and words, from attending to a person who just before assented to what you said, and whom you find, the moment after, from something that unexpectedly or perhaps by design drops from him, to be of a totally different way of thinking. This *bush-fighting* is not regarded as fair play among scientific men. As fashionable conversation is a sacrifice to politeness, so the conversation of low life is nothing but rudeness. They contradict you without giving a reason, or, if they do, it is a very bad one—swear, talk loud, repeat the same thing fifty times over, get to calling names, and from words proceed to blows. You cannot make companions of servants, or persons in an inferior station in life. You may talk to them on matters of business, and what they have to do for you (as Lords talk to bruisers on subjects of *fancy*, or country squires to their grooms on horse-racing), but out of that narrow sphere, to any general topic you cannot lead them; the conversation soon flags, and you go back to the old question, or are obliged to break up the sitting for want of ideas in common. The conversation of authors is better than that of most professions. It is better than that of lawyers, who talk nothing but *double entendres*—than that of physicians, who talk of the approaching deaths of the College, or the marriage of some new practitioner with some rich widow—than that of divines, who talk of the last place they dined at—than that of University-men; who make stale puns, repeat the refuse of the London newspapers, and affect an ignorance of Greek and mathematics—it is better than that of players, who talk of nothing but the Green-room, and rehearse the scholar, the wit, or the fine gentleman, like a part on the stage—or than that of ladies, who, whatever you talk of, think of nothing, and expect you to think of nothing, but themselves. It is not easy to keep up a conversation with women in company; it is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them: it is not quite fair to ask them a reason for what they say. You are afraid of pressing too hard upon them: but where you cannot differ

openly and unreservedly, you cannot heartily agree. It is not so in France. There the women talk of things in general, and reason better than the men in this country. They are mistresses of the intellectual foils. They are adepts in all the topics. They know what is to be said for and against all sorts of questions, and are lively and full of mischief into the bargain. They are very subtle. They put you to your trumps immediately. Your logic is more in requisition even than your gallantry. You must argue as well as bow yourself into the good graces of these modern Amazons. What a situation for an Englishman to be placed in!—*Ibid.*

The Nobelist.

No. VII.

THE WOODEN LEG.

From the German of Gesner.

On the mountain from whence the torrent of Runti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called Echo gaily from the hollow rocks, and Echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanch'd his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. "My son," said the old man, smiling, "do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? know, however, that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me than are many to the most straight and active." "I don't doubt, father," replied the shepherd, "but it is very honourable to you, though I dare say another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you

* The topics of metaphysical argument having got into female society in France, is a proof how much they must have been discussed there generally, and how unfounded the charge is which we bring against them of excessive thoughtlessness and frivolity. The French (taken all together) are a more sensible, reflecting, and better-informed people than the English.

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drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of the rock."

Old Man. I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, "Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered o'er with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! sweet Liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity upon this blessed land! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours; and the time of harvest is with us rejoicing days."

Young Shepherd. He does not deserve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

Old Man. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle, where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittered at a distance with more than two hundred horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses' hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immovable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of his standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind

that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they o'erleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool: so we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but always forced to retire to the shelter of those hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crush lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still further. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought the nearest to me seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A Holy Father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring Heaven to aid us.—'Take care, good Father, of this warrior,' my deliverer cried, 'he has fought like a son of liberty!' He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some Saint of Paradise, or some Angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude.—The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior with tears in his eyes, said, "No, father; in this life you can never shew him your gratitude." The old man surprised, cried, "Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?"

Young Shepherd. I am much deceived if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!

Old Man. Oh God! oh Angels of Heaven! was that generous man thy father?

Young Shepherd. He had a scar here (pointing to his left cheek); he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

Old Man. His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! my son!

Young Shepherd. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said, "Heaven be praised! I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son! come with me, and let some other keep thy goats."

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. "My child," he said to her, "he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united!" The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them, "My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals."

Miscellanies.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

"Ower true a Tale."

The following singular effusion was written by John Smith, a Greenwich Pensioner. About a fortnight ago the prisoner sent for a Gentleman, of Maidstone, on whom he laid a strong injunction to make public what he called a history of his life. The gentleman, on examining the paper, discovered it to be a concise narrative of the place of the prisoner's birth—his habits—and, finally, his motives for committing the

murder, all described in doggerel verse. Although the production of an illiterate man, it is astonishing that the mind of a man nearly fourscore years old could, by any possibility, under circumstances so peculiarly awful, for a moment be so abstracted from his situation as he appears to have been. The levity of the concluding lines is not the least striking part of this extraordinary effusion.

The following is a literal copy of the original, which is in the hands of Mr. Agar:—
Lines dictated by John Smith, aged 78 years, who was executed on Penenden Heath, on Monday, December 23, 1823, for the Wilful Murder of Catherine Smith, at Greenwich, on the 4th of October last.

In the County of Wicklow I was born'd but now in Maidstone die in scorn
I once was counted a roving blade but to my misfortune had no trade
women was always my downfall but still I liked and loved them all
a hundred I have had in my time when I was young and in my prime
women was always my delight but when I got old they did me slight
a woman from London to me came she said with You I would fain remain
if you will be constant Ill be true I never want no Man but You—
and on her own Bible a Oath did take that she never would me forsake
and during the time that I had Life she would always prove a loving wife
and by that means we did agree to live together she and Me—
but soon her vows and Oath did break and to another Man did take
Which she fetch'd home with her to lay and that prov'd her own destiny
So as Jack Smith lay on his bed this notion strongly ran in his Head
then he got up with that intent to find her out was fully bent
swearing if he found out her Oath she'd broke

he stick a knife into her throat then to the Cricketers he did go
to see if he could find it out or no not long been there before she come in
with this same fellow to fetch some Gin then with A Knife himself brought in
immediately stab'd her under the Chin and in five minutes she was no more
but there laid in her purple gore Now to conclude and end my song
they are both dead dead and gone they are both gone I do declare
gone they are but God knows where—

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CORAL REEFS.

The growth of coral reefs is among the most extraordinary operations of nature. It is caused by the agency of several small animals, or, more accurately speaking, insects of various species and sizes, which, at certain times, give an appearance of animation to the surface of the ocean for a considerable space. The reefs are never seen, however, to rise much above the water, but spread literally to a great extent, and that too in equal dimensions from the top downwards, while occasions their sides to be so precipitate, as to cause the approach of vessels, from their inability to take soundings, to be attended with great danger.

IDOLATRY.

It is one of the common prejudices of the world, that the Greeks and Romans, as well as other nations of antiquity, were idolaters. But is this, in strictness, the fact? That they worshipped false gods is, indeed, notorious; but that they worshipped images, which is the true meaning of idolatry*, cannot so easily be proved by any thing that occurs in the heathen writers. The very reverse, indeed, may be inferred from many passages. Such is that of Martial, where he says,

"Qui fingit sacros auro vel marmore vultus,

Non facit ille deos."

And again, when Ovid tells us that

—"Colitur pro Jove forma Jovis,"

he seems to allude to a practice that was strange and unknown in the adoration of the figure of Jupiter instead of the original. In short, it does not appear that the Pagans were more chargeable with idolatry in its strict sense than the Roman Catholics, who, even to this day, hold the pictures and images of their saints in peculiar reverence.

ASSASSIN.

The origin of this word, in its modern acceptation, is not generally known. The following brief account, collected from various sources, will supply the necessary explanation. The word assassin is a corruption of "Hussunees," a tribe of fanatics, who appeared in Persia about the eleventh century, and whose chief was styled

* Derived from the Greek words εἶδος, an image, and λατρεύειν, to serve.

the Old Man of the Mountain. Their religion was founded in Mahomedanism, with a mixture of the visionary doctrines of the Sooffees* of Persia; and one of their leading dogmata was the metempsychosis, to which they added a belief in the divine inspiration of their Imams. A blind obedience to their chief was consequently one of their principles of action; and they were accordingly sent by him to foreign courts to murder the objects of his hate; and were also hired by other princes for the same purpose. Hence the modern idea attached to the term "assassin." The oriental historians make frequent mention of the enormities of the Hussunees, as do likewise those of the Crusaders, with whom the adaptation of the word to its present meaning, in all probability, had its origin.

CHINESE DOCTORS.

It is said to be a custom in China, that the physicians of the Royal Household receive their salaries only during the time that his celestial majesty continues in good health, and consequently that as soon as he happens to be seized with any illness, the payment of salaries is suspended until his recovery. This appears a wiser practice than our own, by which the fees of the sons of Galen increase with the increase of the disorder.

LEONTIUS PYLATUS.

Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, and was, with the assistance of Boccaccio, the first translator of Homer into Latin, is represented to have been of a most hideous appearance. He was born at Thessalonica, and died, according to Petrarch's account, by clinging, during a storm, to the mast of a ship which was struck by a thunderbolt, whereby Pylatus was killed on the spot. Petrarch, in relating this catastrophe, has the following expressions: "This unhappy man left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius could find their way into so gloomy a soul." Such are the words

* The Arabic word *sooffee* means wise, and is thought to be derived from *saaf*, pure. Hence, perhaps, the Greek σοφός; or was it the latter word that was borrowed on this occasion by the Arabians?

of Petrarch. As Pylatus had, however, considerable talents for poetry, and was, moreover, a profound Greek scholar, we may say of him, with Horace, on a similar occasion:—

“At ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.”—

MONKS AND FRIARS.

These two orders are often confounded by writers, especially writers of novels. Monachism was an old institution for laymen: and friars, or *freres*, were originally established in the thirteenth century, to oppose the Lollards by their preaching; on which account they wandered about as preachers and confessors, while the monks were chiefly confined to their respective houses. Lewis's “Monk” is, in fact, a friar.

COCQUENAR.

It was a custom in Persia, and may be so still, to drink the juice of boiled popples, called *Cocquenar*. This beverage made those who drank it at first merry and good-humoured; but its ultimate effect was invariably an extreme melancholy. Such, however, was its nature, that those who left it off after having for some time been habituated to it, generally died in consequence. So when Abbas the Great published an edict to prohibit the use of it, on account of its dismal effects on the constitution, a great mortality followed, which was only stopped at last by restoring the use of the prohibited beverage. And this was brought about by a whimsical stratagem of the king's jester, of which Sir John Chardin gives a very curious account, but it is too long to be inserted here.

NEGRO ANECDOTES.

Negroes are apt to steal, but are so very credulous, they are easily detected. Captain Young, of Grenada, gave a black butcher, of the name of Caffee, a hog to kill; when the Captain went to see it, Caffee said, “Dis very fine hog, Massa, but I never see a hog like him in all my life, he have no liver, no lights.” Captain Young—“that is strange, Caffee; let me see in the book.” He took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, turned over the leaves, and looked very earnest—“I see Caffee go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights.” Caffee shook like an aspen leaf, and said, “O, Massa, Caffee no go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights.” He restored them, and trembling, awaited his punishment. Captain Young only

laughed, and made him a present of them. There was a black in Grenada, who had been on the island of St. Kitt's, when Rodney defeated the French fleet; he had seen the action, and was never tired of speaking of it, nor his auditors of listening. He always concluded with this remark, “De French 'tand 'tiffer, but English 'tand far 'tiffer; do all de same as game cock, de die on the pot.” The Dahomans (of Dahomy, a kingdom of Africa, on the coast of Guinea), in the beginning of the year 1727, had never seen a white man; and when their victorious prince and his army, in their route through Whidah, first met with some Europeans in the town of Tabi, they were so shocked at their complexion and their dress, that they were afraid to approach them, and could not be persuaded that they were men, till they heard them speak, by the Whidaneese that these were the merchants who purchased all the slaves that were sold in Guinea.

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

A great deal has been said and written with respect to this celebrated act, but few of our readers, we believe, have a clear idea of the circumstances which led to its introduction. They are as follow:—

The Marchioness of Donegal was Miss May, and was the natural daughter of a gentleman celebrated for assisting persons of fashion with loans of money. Being married to the Marquis, she became the mother of several children, and particularly of the Earl of Belfast, the eldest son of the Marquis and herself, and heir of the titles and estates. The Earl of Belfast being arrived at manhood, was reported to be on the eve of marriage with the daughter of another nobleman. At this juncture, the Hon. Arthur Chester, younger brother to the Marquis of Donegal, and heir of the titles and estates, should his brother die without lawful issue, came forward, and intimated his intention to dispute the validity of his brother's marriage with Miss May; contending that the lady called and calling herself Marchioness of Donegal, was still Miss May, or, at least, not lawfully married to his brother; and consequently that the Earl of Belfast and the other children were illegitimate; and that, as far as they were concerned, he was himself the actual heir presumptive. In this manner, at an advanced age, the Marquis and Marchioness found their marriage ques-

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tioned, and their children described as illegitimate. The ground of this conduct on the part of Mr. Arthur Chichester, was the marriage of the Marquis by license, without the consent of any person authorized by the act of 1745. It will be observed, that had the marriage taken place by *banns*, this objection could not have been raised. One of the consequences of Mr. Arthur Chichester's intimation, was the postponement of the marriage of the Earl of Belfast; and, in the mean time, the Marquis and Marchioness commenced such proceedings in the spiritual court, as afforded the best chance of establishing the validity of their marriage; though their chance, in course of law, under the act of 1745, appears to have been small. The case of proceeding, then, in the Donegal case, was this, and in all similar cases is equally needed. The Marquis and Marchioness discontinued to live together, while the Marquis commenced a suit against the Marchioness, in the nature of an amicable suit in Chancery, for what, in the language of the spiritual courts, is called, "jactitation," or assumption of marriage, thereby requiring the Marchioness to show upon what pretence she called herself his wife, and why she should not be forbidden so to do; and therefore also affording to the Marchioness an opportunity to establish, if possible, the validity of the marriage by legal evidence, which evidence would then become matter of record for posterity, and demonstrate the legitimacy of the children.—This, it appears, could not be accomplished, and the act was introduced, in order that its retrospective clauses might succeed where a straight-forward course had failed.

Between an English Gentleman on his Arrival in Ireland, and Terence, his Servant, a Native of that Country.

Master. Does it rain?

Terry. No, Sir.

Master. I see the sun shines—*Post nubila Phœbus.*

Terry. The post has not come in yet.

Master. How long did you live with Mr. T.?

Terry. In troth, Sir, I can't tell, I passed my time so pleasantly in his service, that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life, and a great deal longer, if I pleased.

Master. What made you leave him?

Terry. My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, to the play, &c.

Master. Was not your master a proud man?

Terry. The proudest man in the kingdom; for he would not do a dirty action for the universe.

Master. What age are you now?

Terry. I am just the same age of Paddy Lahy: he and I were born in a week of each other.

Master. How old is he?

Terry. I can't tell; nor I don't think he can tell himself.

Master. Were you born in Dublin?

Terry. No, Sir, I might if I had a mind; but I preferred the country. And, please God, if I live and do well I'll be buried in the same parish I was born in.

Master. You can write, I suppose?

Terry. Yes, Sir, as fast as a dog can trot.

Master. Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?

Terry. Why, Sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat. And if you travel by land, either in a chaise, or on horseback; and those that can't afford either one or t'other, are obliged to trudge it on foot.

Master. Which is the pleasantest season for travelling?

Terry. Faith, Sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse.

Master. I believe your roads are passably good.

Terry. They are all passable, Sir, if you pay the turnpike.

Master. I am told you have an immense number of horned cattle in this country.

Terry. Do you mean cuckolds, Sir?

Master. No, no: I mean black cattle.

Terry. Faith, we have, Sir, plenty of every colour.

Master. But I think it rains too much in Ireland.

Terry. So every one says: but Sir Boyle says, he will bring in an Act of Parliament in favour of fair weather; and I am sure the poor hay-makers and turf-cutters will bless him for it. God bless him: it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart.

Master. As you have many fine rivers, I suppose you have abundance of fish.

Servant. The best ever water wet. The first fish in the world, except themselves. Why, master, I won't tell you

a lie; if you were at the Boyne, you could get salmon and trout for nothing, and if you were at Ballyshanny, you'd get them for less.

Master. Were you ever in England?

Servant. No, Sir, but I'd like very much to see that fine country.

Master. Your passage to Liverpool, or the Head, would not cost more than half a guinea.

Servant. Faith, master, I'd rather walk it than pay half of the money.

BURNING OF HINDOO WIDOWS.

The following account of the still prevalent performance of this horrid rite is contained in a letter from Calcutta, dated July 13, 1822:—"Much has been said here respecting the paragraphs in the English newspapers, recommending the Government to interfere and put a stop to the practice of Hindoo widows immolating themselves on the death of their husbands. In many of these it was stated that force had been used, and that at the time of the firing of the pile the women have been in a state of intoxication. I am induced to believe that force was never used, nor inebriety ever resorted to, to induce the widows to burn themselves with their deceased husbands; on the contrary, endeavours are exerted to the utmost by the family, relations, and neighbours, to restrain the unfortunate suttees from such abominable practice and inhuman conduct, but without effect. If a widow were ever seen to escape from her husband's funeral pile, as stated in some of your papers, she might not possibly be a real suttee, but a common woman, who had attempted to immolate herself through affectation or emulation, but could not suffer the flame, while a suttee is never taught to fear the fire, but cheerfully throws herself into the flame. It is no doubt a voluntary act that proceeds from religious faith. I, being a native, have witnessed myself some cases of this nature.—About two years ago, a daughter of Ramlochar Roy, of Chukrubar (near Calcutta, under the jurisdiction of twenty-four Pergunnahs) had been brought to bed of a child. When it was twenty days old, her husband died in this city, and after the performance of his funeral ceremony, her father returned home. On receiving this unhappy intelligence, the mother of the deceased began to lament the loss of her son. The widow seemed not concerned in the least, but began to soothe the mother, telling her to recollect what she must do at the demise of

her husband, and the unfortunate widow concluded by requesting her father to conduct her to her husband's house in the city, informing him that she had resolved to burn herself after the Ushochu, or thirty days from child-birth. Her father, as well as many other persons, endeavoured to persuade her from such a cruel intention, telling her that she was not permitted by the Shastra to do so, but all their persuasions were vain. She at last proceeded to Calcutta, and delivered her child to her husband's brother, telling him at the same time that she was no longer the mother of that child, and that he might preserve it in any way he pleased. From the moment she heard the news of her husband's death she declined taking any necessary food for life, but frequently solicited all persons in the family to procure a pass from the Police and the Magistrates of the 24 Pergunnahs. In short, the pass was obtained with great difficulty, after the trouble of a week, during which she grew so feeble that she could not stir without assistance, but on the receipt of the news of the pass, she appeared quite gay, proceeded to Kaleeghat in a palankin, and burned herself with a pillow of her deceased husband. Another event of a similar nature occurred also in this city. Deewan Ubhoj Churan Mitre, a respectable native of this place, happened to die at Furrokahad; his widow, at Calcutta, on receipt of this intelligence, expressed her intention to burn herself with something belonging to her husband. Her children now became alarmed, and some of them threw themselves at her feet, and earnestly entreated her not to do so, but she paid no regard to their words, but immolated herself.—Thousands of cases of the like nature are known to have occurred in all the provinces, and even sanctioned by the Magistrates of the respective places, who never suffered them to burn until they were fully satisfied nothing could swerve them from their determination.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

Among the numerous buildings which raised Rome to its zenith of architectural splendour, none ever held a more distinguished place than the now sublime and stupendous ruins of the Coliseum. For whether we survey for a moment the beauty of the workmanship, the outlines of the materials, or the high soaring mind that designed such a glorious edifice, we consider it as a splendour alone befitting an everlasting monument of Roman victories, the mu-

nificence of Roman princes, and the imperial luxury of universal Rome. It was built under the favourable auspices of Vespasian, the tenth Emperor, who employed in the construction of it alone, thirty thousand Jewish captives, who certainly did not deteriorate in the smallest degree from their ancestors in the building of Solomon's temple.— Its lofty wall, towering in sublime grandeur above the circumjacent buildings, consisted of four arcades, supported by polished pillars of the Corinthian, Ionic, Composite, and Doric orders; and, however astonished the mind might have been on viewing the exterior, yet the imagination became lost, the eye fixed upon entering. Its marble walls, its innumerable statues of gods and heroes, the spacious arena, the motley multitude, above, below, and on every side; from the lordly senators reclining on their silken couches, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads that skirted the horizon. The Amphitheatre was calculated to hold eighty-five thousand sitting, and twenty-five thousand standing, and when any motion went simultaneously through their assembly, such as rising up, or sitting down, it could be compared to nothing else but the sullen roaring of the unfathomable sea, or the rushing of a mighty wind through the forest. Such a scene could no where be contemplated without inspiring a certain degree of pleasurable awe, surrounded as they were with every circumstance of pomp and splendour. But for what purpose was this mighty edifice built? Why, to exhibit horrible combats of the gladiators, one of the foulest blots of paganism, and the hunting of wild beasts. When the name of a Roman struck their enemies with terror, and her citizens lived in a republican purity, the gladiators were chosen from among the criminals, and the lower class of plebeians; but her proud senators, enervated by luxury, were destined to see the time when one of her kings should enter the lists, and become ambitious of a gladiator's fame. Elated by the praises of those around him, Commodus resolved to exhibit before the Roman people his skill in the gymnastic exercises. On the appointed day the motives of fear and flattery attracted to the theatre an innumerable multitude of spectators; and some degree of applause was deservedly bestowed on the imperial performer. With arrows whose points were in the form of a crescent, Commodus intercepted the rapid career,

and cut asunder the long neck of the ostrich, the dens of the amphitheatre disgorged at once a hundred lions, a hundred darts from the unerring hand of Commodus laid them dead as they ran raging round the arena; the rarest beasts of Asia and Africa by turns were let loose and slain. But the meanest of the people were filled with shame and indignation when they beheld their sovereign enter the lists as a gladiator. He chose the habit and accoutrements of the Secutor, who was armed with a helmet, sword, and buckler; his naked antagonist had only a large net and a trident, with the one he tried to entangle, with the other to despatch his adversary: in this character the emperor fought seven hundred and thirty-five several times. But changed is now the scene; no longer do the walls resound with the deafening peals of tumultuous applause, the triumphant shouts of the conquering, or the groans of the dying gladiator. The Goths, Vandals, and other barbarians of the north, when they inundated Rome, were content with despoiling it of its statues and ornaments, and left the building a lasting monument of fallen greatness. But more barbarous christians, from a desire to perpetuate their names by the richness of their palaces, have by degrees destroyed the principal part. Yet even in its present state of desolation and ruin it will last for ages yet unborn, till at last, in the general wreck of matter, it will lie buried amidst the chaotic mass of the world.

T. L.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury attended the Queen in her last moments; he endeavoured to console her by saying she had every thing to hope from the mercy of the Almighty, for her piety, her zeal, and the admirable reformation she had so happily established. The Queen, who had turned to the other side of the bed, interrupted the Archbishop by saying, "My Lord, the crown which I wore for so many years, made me sufficiently vain while I lived, I beg you will not now increase my vanity, when I am so near death." After this her respiration failed, and she fell into an agony which lasted eighteen hours, and then expired.

IRISH LAW.—The following extract from an affidavit read in the Court of Common Pleas, in Dublin, is alike illustrative of the manner in which legal process is executed in the alster island, and of the precision with which legal instruments are drawn:—

"And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent hath since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell,' which this deponent verily believes he would have done, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

ROPE DANCER.—At the entrance of Isabel of Bavaria into Paris, wife of Charles VI. a Bavarian fastened a rope from the top of the tower of Notre Dame, to one of the houses within the 'Change Bridge. He descended, dancing upon the rope, with a lighted flambeau in each hand; he passed between the blue taffety curtains, ornamented with large golden fleur-de-lis, which covered the bridge; he fixed a crown upon Isabel's head, and re-ascended upon his rope into the air. The chronicle adds, as this was done in the night, he was seen in all parts of Paris and its environs.

A King of France inquired of one of his Ministers the difference between a Whig and a Tory. "Please your Majesty, I conceive the difference to be merely nominal. The Tories are Whigs when they want places, and the Whigs Tories when they have got them."

GEORGE I.—When some one reminded this monarch how happy he was to be King of England and Elector of Hanover at the same time, he very nobly replied, "I am prouder of being able to say that I have two such subjects as Newton and Leibnitz in my dominions, than to say I reign over the countries that contain them."

ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING POULTRY.

—In the early part of this year, a person, then residing at Brayton, purchased a hen for which was paid 1s. During the summer she sat upon eleven duck eggs, out of which she hatched and reared ten; these were sold for 1s. each.—She afterwards brought up thirteen chickens (three of her eggs having been destroyed) which were sold for 6d. a-piece. This prolific bird was at last sold for her original cost, having thus produced 16s. 6d. in little more than six months.

THEATRICAL BON MOT.—When Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of *Bellamira* was performed, the roof of the theatre fell down, by which, however, few people were hurt except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, that there was so much fire in his play, that it blew up poet, house, and age. "No (replied the good-natured author) the play was so heavy, that it broke down the house, and buried the poor poet in his own rubbish."

M. DURAND, in his *Voyage to Senegal*, relates that the crew of a French vessel, which had arrived in the river of St. Domingo, on the coast of Africa, observed an elephant sticking to the mud in such a manner that he could not disengage himself. The sailors thought that it would be easy to take him, and accordingly fired muskets at him, which did not kill him, but put him in a rage. They could not get near enough to spear him; and being little accustomed to this sort of hunting, they did not know the parts where he might be wounded with the greatest effect. The elephant could neither run away from nor approach his assailants; he therefore, in despair, took up the mud with his trunk, and threw it in such quantities into the ship, that the sailors were obliged to tow their vessel off. As the tide set in, they observed the elephant disengage himself and swim to shore.

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